

That I haue done for you.

Fio. I know of none,

Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Then lying, vaineſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,

Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption

Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heauen ſeemeth ſad.

2. Off. Come ſir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee

I ſatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death;

Releas'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue;

And to his image, which me thought did promiſe

Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:

Thou haſt *Sebastian* done good feature, ſhame,

In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde;

None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.

Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill

Are empty trunks, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuill.

1. Off. The man growes mad, away with him:

Come, come ſir.

Ant. Leade me on.

Fio. Me thinks his words do from ſuch paſſion flye

That he beleeueth himſelfe, ſo do not I:

Proue true imagination, oh proue true,

That I deere brother, be now ſane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Weel

whiſper one a couplet or two of moſt ſage lawes.

Fio. He ſaid *Sebastian*: I my brother know

Yet lying in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo

In fauour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oh if ſir proue,

Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue,

To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward

then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his friend

heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his coward-

ſhip aſke *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in

it.

And. Shd I ſe after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword

And. And I do not: I ſhall ſee him ſoon.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the euent.

To. I dare lay any money, it will be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Clow. Will you make me beleue, that I am not ſent for

you?

Seb. O ſee, goe to, thou art a fooliſh fellow,

Let me be cleere of thee.

Clow. Well held out your faith: No, I do not know you,

nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come

ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Cefario*,

nor this is not my noſe neither: Nothing that is ſo ſo,

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome where elſe; thou

know'ſt me.

Clow. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome

great man, and now applies it to a foole. Vent my fol-

ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a

Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy ſtranges, and tell

me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to her that

thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's

money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe

payment.

Clow. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſe-

men that giue fooles money, get themſelues a good re-

port, after foureteen yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, haue I met you again: there's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,

Are all the people mad?

To. Hold ſir, or I'll throw your dagger ore the houſe.

Clow. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be

in ſome of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on ſir, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, I'll go another way to worke

with him: I'll haue an action of Battery againſt him, if

there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet

it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong

fouldier put vp your yron: you are well beſh'd: Come

on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now?

If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

To. What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or

two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,

Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caves,

Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight,

Be not offend'd, deere *Cefario*:

Rudeſbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,

Let thy fayre wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway

In this vnkinde, and vnkinde extent

Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,

And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe pranks

This Ruſſian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby

Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe:

Do not denie, beſhew his ſoule for mee.

He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?

Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:

Let ſancie ſtill my ſenſe in Leche ſleepe,

If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thou'dſt beſeild by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be.

Exit

Enter Martin and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gowne, & this beard,

make him beleue thou art ſir *Tomas* the Curate, doeſt

quickly. He call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.

Clow. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe

in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in

ſuch

in ſuch a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the

function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good

ſtudent: but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſe-

keeper goes as fairely, as to ſay, a carefull man, & a great

ſcholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleſſe thee M. Parſon.

Clow. Bounties ſir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage*

that neuer ſaw pen and inke, very wittily ſayd to a Neece

of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is ſo I being M. Parſon,

am M. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Tomas*.

Clow. What ho, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The knaue counterfeits well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clow. Sir *Tomas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Maluolio*

to the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Tomas*, ſir *Tomas*, good ſir *Tomas* goe to my

Ladie.

Clow. Our hyperbolical ſland, how vexed thou this

man? Takeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid M. Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Tomas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good

ſir *Tomas* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee

here in hideous darkneſſe.

Clow. Fye, thou diſhoneſt ſathan: I call thee by the

moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones,

that will vſe the diuill himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou

that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Tomas*.

Clow. Why it hath bay Windows tranſparent as bari-

cadoes, and the cleere ſtores toward the South north, are

as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complain'ſt thou of ob-

ſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Tomas*, I ſay to you this houſe is

darke.

Clow. Maſtman thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe

but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled then the

Egyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as darke as Ignorance, though

Ignorance were as darke as hell, and I ſay there was ne-

uer man thus abuſ'd, I am no more madde then you are,

make the trial of ſic in any conſtant queſtion.

Clow. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning

Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our grandam, might happily

inhabite a bird.

Clow. What thinkſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way aproue

his opinion.

Clow. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkneſſe,

thou ſhalt hold th opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow

of thy wits, and ſeaſe to kill a Woodcocke, left thou diſ-

poſſeſſe the ſoule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Tomas*, ſir *Tomas*.

Tob. My moſt exquisite ſir *Tomas*.

Clow. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt haue done this without thy beard

and gowne, he fees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word

how thou findeſt him: I would we were well wadded of this

knauery. If he may bee conveniently deliuer'd, I would

he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Niece,

that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the vpper

ſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Clow. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady

does.

Mal. Foole.

Clow. My Lady is vnkind, perdie.

Mal. Foole.

Clow. Alas why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Foole ſay.

Clow. She doles another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deſerue well at

my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper:

as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankfull to thee

for't.

Clow. M. *Maluolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clow. Alas ſir, how fell you beſides your ſine wits?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man ſo notoriouslie a-

bus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clow. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be

no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in

darkneſſe, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and doe all they

can to face me out of my wits.

Clow. Aduſe you what you ſay: the Miniſter is heere.

Maluolio. *Maluolio*, thy wittes the heauens reſtore: en-

deauour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble

babble.

Mal. Sir *Tomas*.

Clow. Maintaine no words with him good fellow.

Who I ſir, not I ſir, God buy you good ſir *Tomas*: Mar-

ry Amen. I will ſir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

Clow. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſilent

for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to ſome light, and ſome

paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in

Illyria.

Clow. Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, ſome inke, pa-

per, and light: and conuey what I will ſet downe to my